

## American Legion Section

### MEMORY

Oh, don't you remember sweet Alys, Bent Bolt?

The chicken we met at Bordeaux! In the days of la guerre and the vin ordinaire

When we all were a part of the show.

Oh, we're back with the gang now in civvies, Ben Bolt,

And the war's been forgotten, somehow,

But my mind wanders back to sweet Alys again.

And I wonder who's kissing her now!

(She was a sweetheart and pal and a peach of a gal)

But I wonder who's kissing her now!

(By Lewis Howard in The American Legion Weekly.)

All of which means nothing to us Louie since we did not fight the Battle of Bordeaux, but if you were versifying about Madeline of that little patisserie just around the corner from Cafe de la Gare in Charonne-sur-Marne we agree with your sentiments and considerably more might be said at that.

### ♦ ♦ ♦

#### ARE YOU GOING TO FRANCE?

Of course you swore a million times that you were fed up on France and if you could ever get on the west side of the Statue of Liberty again you would be sure to stay there. Things look different now and there is an idea getting more persistent every day that you would like to take a trip back to see if they are all still true to you. Your French was put away with your other impedimenta and the chances are that it is a bit rusty by this time. Do not fail to realize how handicapped you will be on your trip if you are unable to parley-vo. It is true that you got by with very little when you were over there but things will be different this time. The following true story serves to illustrate what can happen to one without a knowledge of the language of a country.

An American, who could not handle the language, and his wife who could talk it as fluently as he could hoist highballs were shopping one day in Paris. They entered one of those shops on the Rue de la Paix to buy a gown for Madame, the wife. A gown was found that was suitable in color and material but Monsieur, the husband objected to the style. Madame, the proprietress, assured Monsieur, the husband, in English that it would be altered to suit him, then turning to Madame, the wife, she said in French: "Pay no attention to that pauvre poisson! I shall fix as you want it." Observe what they put over on hubby.

Realizing the difficulties you would encounter without a knowledge of French the editor of this section has, in collaboration with the seat of learning of Kauai compiled a short course in French: **French As It Is Spoken.**

Rule 1. If you don't know the French word say the American word but pronounce it in a way that you can't recognize it yourself. Ninety times out of a hundred this gives you the word you want.

Example: For impossible, say am-pas-see-bubble.

For creation, say less-tee-you-g.

The number of words thus being settled it is then only necessary to put them together in the proper way, which is covered by Rule 2.

Rule 2. Construct your sentence in such a way that anyone back home would think you were a nut.

Examples:—

For "I am going to lunch."

Say "I myself am going to take myself to lunch."

For "I do not know."

Say "I not do not know."

For "You gave it to me."

Say "You it to me give."

These two rules will carry you along splendidly but for those who prefer ready made conversation we have compiled the following which will cover 75% of the conversation needed by Americans in France. In order to show exactly when to use these phrases the following is a typical day for you over there. You are spending your first day in Paris seeing the sights and being thrilled with the spirituelle beauty of la belle Paree.

It is morning between 10 and 11. You enter a cafe. You repose yourself on a chair. You clapp your hands vigorously together and when the waiter himself approaches towards you, say in a loud voice:

"Garson, une beer."

At five minute intervals until 11 o'clock call loudly in the direction of the waiter:

"Garson, encore."

At 11 o'clock you rise yourself from the chair and say to the waiter:

"Garson, the addition." (Apply Rule 1) This means you want your bill and does not refer to the mathematics used in getting it. The calculation are: First it is added up then increased by 10% to cover war tax, then 10% of the total to cover tax on luxuries, then the waiter doubles the whole sum. That is only 50 cents in real money and is fair enough for twelve beers. Take yourself out onto the street. Walk yourself along the street.

It is eleven-fifteen. Enter a cafe. Repose yourself on a chair. Clapp your hand vigorously and when the waiter approaches himself toward you, say:

"Garson, a cognac."

At 11:30 and 11:45 you say:

"Encore. But not oftener than that because this stuff has quite a kick in it.

At five minutes to 12 you leave out of the cafe and walk yourself along the street. You pass and admire the beauties (statues and buildings) along the boulevard.

It is 12 o'clock. You enter yourself into a restaurant. Reposing yourself in a chair you say to the waiter: "Whiskee-soda." When he has brought this to you, take up the menu card and roughly estimate how long it is; say it is ten inches long, then starting at the top point of the first line, skipping about two inches down point to that line and so on down the card. The waiter will be looking over your shoulder writing down these items as you point to them. This is called the "pointing rule." Never fail to follow it as it will invariably give you a well balanced French meal. After the first course, say to the waiter: "A bottle of Barsac."

After the third course say, "A bottle of van rouge (rouge is pronounced the same as that stuff you wipe off your lips after visiting your best girl) When the coffee you will discover that it is made from coconut husks, which fact they have attempted to disguise by roasting until charred. You will now be able to drink it as it stands and you should say to the waiter, "Caffay o rum." He'll go out and get a bottle of wood alcohol and stick a big slug of it in your coffee. The two offset each other and you will be able to get it down. If by any chance you have been so unlucky as to point to limberger cheese the thing to do is to order another bottle of wine and after drinking it you should be in good condition to eat the cheese. The last thing to order is liquor. When this has been put in the proper place, pay your bill and take yourself out of the restaurant. Walk yourself along the street. You pass and admire the beauties (statues and buildings) along the boulevard. You buy a La Vie Parisienne. That's a magazine that is conspicuously displayed at all newsstands. You won't be able to read it but the pictures are well worth looking at. With this under your arm you saunter back to your hotel.

It is 2 o'clock in the afternoon and you compose yourself comfortably in a chair before the window of the bed room. You see a sight-seeing trip of the morning has fatigued you and you nod until dinner time.

It is 6 o'clock. You are at a table in a restaurant. You order Grog Americaine. The dinner will proceed in the same manner as lunch with the following exceptions. You use the "pointing rule" to order your meal but do not point to anything on the back of the menu card. That can't be served because it is what the orchestra is playing. After each course order a bottle of champagne. After your meal order an absinthe. Caution: drink very slowly and do not drink a lighted match near your breath otherwise an explosion is likely to occur.

The conversation you will need the next morning will be "Ice water," but that can't be said in French.

Be careful of your manners while in France. Nothing will brand you as a vulgar American quicker than asking at the hotel for a room with bath, or arranging for a bath on any other day except Saturday.

My collaborator and I have gone carefully over this course and are sure that it will handle 75% of the conversation you need, however if you wish to bring the percentage up to 95 you only have to learn this sentence: "Mademoiselle voulez vous promenade avec moi?"

♦ ♦ ♦

R-I-P-P

"Combination shot," murmured the lady cue artist as she leaned too far over the billiard table.—Puppet.

♦ ♦ ♦

MARJORIE

They told me that Marjorie was

## Commerce Chamber Has Big Session

(Continued from page one)

Mr. Sloggett said that Chairman Rath of Honolulu wrote congratulating Kauai for her successful efforts and saying that if other parts of the territory do as well proportionally a sufficiently large number of names will be secured.

**Ahukini Road.**

J. H. Moragne, of the roads committee reported that a good road is being built from the Lihue hospital to Ahukini so that it will soon be possible for cars to carry people in any kind of weather directly to the wharf at Ahukini so that they can walk directly onto the boats from the wharf.

W. H. Rice, Jr., of the Hawaiian promotion committee, reported that the number of tourists had not been as great during the past year as had been expected but that prospects for a large number this year are most encouraging.

**Inter Island Schedule.**

K. C. Hopper called the chamber's attention to the fact that under the present schedule of Inter-Island steamers we have no boat that connects with the outgoing coast steamers and he suggested that steps be taken towards the correction of this fault. E. F. Wood said that under the present system it is almost impossible for Kauai people to send to Honolulu for articles and get them back the same week. The connections in town are too close.

L. D. Larsen made a motion that the Inter-Island Steam Navigation Co. be requested to arrange for a steamer leaving Kauai on Tuesdays so that connection can be made with coast boats. Seconded by A. D. Hills; carried.

The meeting adjourned shortly after 8 o'clock. Many people expressed satisfaction over the new schedule of meetings, stating that it is now possible for many more members to attend than under the old plan.

### ATTORNEY CATHCART DROPS DEAD FROM HEART FAILURE

John W. Cathcart, veteran attorney, of Honolulu, dropped dead from heart failure at his home, on Pacific Heights, last Wednesday. Mr. Cathcart had been assisting the prosecution in the Japanese conspiracy case now on trial before Judge J. J. Banks, when he was compelled to take to his bed suffering from an attack of pleurisy. Friday, however, he appeared to be very much improved. He had been on his feet most of the day and had gone into the bathroom to shave when he was stricken.

Mr. Cathcart was to have succeeded Judge Horace W. Vaughan as first federal judge. The fifth circuit court adjourned Friday and the flag over the county building was placed at half mast out of respect to him.

an old fashioned girl, but I didn't believe them. I watched the way she danced. Nothing doing! I looked her over—her shoes, her hose, her dress, her make-up, her hair. Nothing doing! I listened to her line. It had a day-after-tomorrow ring in it. But one day she sat down, and I saw the edge of a petticoat.

Yes, they are right! Marjorie was an old-fashioned girl.—Iowa Frivol.

♦ ♦ ♦ She (just back from Paris)—I can't go to this dance tonight, my trunks haven't arrived.

He—Good lord, what kind of a dance do you think this is going to be?—Lampoon.

♦ ♦ ♦

### IT HAPPENED ON KAUAI

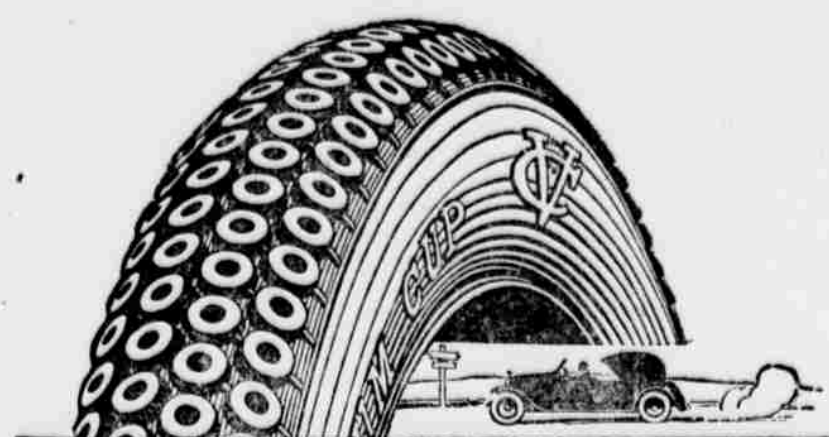
During the past week we learned the commander of the American Legion, Kauai Post No. 2 was ill. We at once wrote an account of his life up to the present, touching on his sterling qualities and pointing out how necessary he was to our community, ending by stating that we hoped he soon would recover. (That last was to protect us against the possibility of having to write an obituary notice; they're so hard to do). Today the commander came into our office and informed us that he was not sick and had not been, therefore, we have on hand one brilliantly written article on a sick man. We will be glad to use it on any Legionaire who is sick. Send in your name promptly.

♦ ♦ ♦

Hostess (serving guest)—Miss X, you must have some of these carrots. They are splendid for the complexion.

Miss X—It's easier to buy it at the drug store.

Since last going to press one of our comrades had his car wrecked to the extent of about \$50. No, he was not driving at the time. Ah, forgot it! Can't a fellow let somebody else drive his car, especially if they are really good pals.



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